

"Letter To The 1%" lyrics

Lowkey Lyrics

"Letter To The 1%"

(feat. Mai Khalil)

Talking in terms of power. Where the power is, who's shaping the condition of our lives, who determines the quality of the air we breathe, the food we eat, the water we drink, the kinda jobs we can have, the images we have to deal with and such.

If I can sing this song without you maybe all is well
If we can sing this song without you we don't need your wealth
This is my letter to the 1%
If I can sing this song without you maybe all is well
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Power to those that read bell hooks
Power to those that sell books
Power to those who know how the inside of a cell looks
All those feeling helpless, forgotten and discarded
Power to the strange fruit they thought was rotten in the garden
Power to those sitting alone, seeking solace in the calmness
Power to those feeling stained, know your tomorrow isn't tarnished
Power to those that sweep the streets with more knowledge than PhD's
Power to those that keep their keys, return this promise, please believe
Power to those that suffer in silence, those it hurts to hear
Power to those that hold their ground
Power to those that persevere
Power to those that love humanity more than they love style
Power to immigrants probably raising Donald Trump's child
Power to the blind who can't imagine what sight is
Those staring at the moon and all those working night-shifts
Power to the readers, the writers, the illiterate
Power to those that struggle to decolonise their syllabus
Power to the shy ones, always struggle to make friends
And the half of humanity worth less than eight men
Power to those that risked their life to dig the coltan from the ground
For the mic I'm spitting on and the phone you're holding now
Power to those that build the stadium they're playing in
Power to those that mowed the grass and stitched the ball that they're playing with
Power to every rapper that doesn't rap about killing
Power to the builders who built buildings that outlived them

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Power to the slaves of Ancient Greece that didn't have the right to vote
Democracy dead like Gary Webb, when they import it like its coke
Power to those write to prison
Power to those writing home
Power to those writing poems
Power to those that died alone

Power to Curtis Mayfield
Power to Ronald Isely
Power to the fishermen that were forced into piracy
Power to every person that is working in a library
Power to every nurse that we turn to in our times of need
Power to the unions and the mindless that should punish
Power to those that drive the busses and those that collect the rubbish
Power to the youth desiring the truth
Power to every rapper that is dying for a Fire in the Booth
For those that lost limbs to King Leopold's quota
And those risking their lives for the P&O to Dover
Power to union leaders murdered by...
Power to victims of this globalised cosa nostra
Power to those dying on the shores and the borders
Power to humanbeings that were rendered fauna and flora
Power to those that cleaned up after the stage show
And Carnival goes still haunted by Kelso Cochrane's ghost
Power to ... his picture taunts us ever after
So many questions never answered
Remember the last words of Abdul-Muhsin Al-Saadoun, "الأمة تنتظر الخدمة، الإنجليز لا يوافقون"
Power to Al-Jawahiri and his rebellions
They killed his brother Ja'far and he cursed the rotten Thamesians
Enlighten despots pursuing tactics Machiavellian
Chinese still preceded Europa millennium, think about it
Printed press half a millennium never get close
Power to Ken Loach and every volunteer in Lesbos
Cuban doctors sent to Sri Lanka for the tsunami
Power to those that cleaned up after the Bullingdon parties

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Kids knowing Apple products before they know what an apple is
Forgotten like passengers on the USS Indianapolis
Dying days, for they could see what little boy's damage did
On the precipice of fascism, while pacifist is cancerous
Power to those still strong enough to dream
Power to those that chose not to be a cog in the machine
Power to those that love first and hate never
Power to those that sleep on the streets through grey weather
Power to Aziz Ali and Bone Thugs-n-Harmony
Power to Norman Baker, David Kelly's, ulnar artery
Power to the genocided population of Tasmania
The internet descends to Trumptastic fantasia
Let them try quote this
You'll never find a better diagnosis than collective psychosis
It's getting quite hopeless but hope is all we have
Tryna cultivate the positive, not focus on the bad
But the globe's under attack
The obnoxious rage of a fake intellectual
Amazing grace in the age of the spectacle
Not the first time they found a racist electable
To raise to the pedestal

Then desecrate the place that translated the decimal
I don't wanna tempt fate
Power to corpse-washers like Salvador Allende
Power to language learners
From Bernie Sanders fans to flag-burners
One man's inertia is another man's purpose
In the utopia of song, we are victorious
But the bitter sweet reality is not this glorious
Power to Coltrane watching Malcolm X
Power to Paul Robeson under house-arrest
Power to Galileo under house-arrest
Power to Ibn Haytham under house-arrest
Forgive me if I sound obsessed
This is my letter to the 1%

If I can sing this song without you maybe all is well
The redistribution of power
The redistribution of power
We want the redistribution of power
We want the redistribution of power
If we can sing this song without you we don't need your wealth
We want the redistribution of power, the redistribution of power until your power is ours
Until your power is ours
If I can sing this song without you maybe all is well
If we can sing this song without you we don't need your wealth